same relation that men stand to male students," said Ann, interrupting.

"They might," answered the graduate student, "if, under the present circumstances, we could produce women capable of exerting such influence. But, as I said, there are no women who are great scholars. So far, in spite of all their studying, they do not succeed in producing any considerable amount of original work. Then there's a strange thing about women instructors. Have you noticed that girls prefer to work under men, even with the present trammels." Have you noticed too, that the women instructors avoid a scial intercourse with the students under then as they

course with the students under then as they might the plague? A few teas each year and safe conversation on colorless topics is as far as they

dare go.
"Men certainly have no faith in women's future

"Men certainly have no faith in women's future in scholarship. They have no scruples in throwing up positions in women's colleges on the one plea that a professor's glory is his pupils, and he has no material worth moulding when he teaches girls. He has no chance to make a reputation."

tation."

The graduate student paused. There was a complete silence, for even Jane could not deny the statements that had been made. Ann was

the statements that had been made. Ann was the first to speak.

"You are right in what you say about our relations to our instructors," she said frankly. "We cannot help meeting them on a social footing. A girl who has an evening lecture always thinks of it when she dresses for dinner. She puts on a becoming gown to please the instructor's eye. So, even in the class room, she is on a false footing. In every college there are just enough engagements between instructors and students to make both self-conscious. Mutual safety demands formality and prevents that close intercourse which is so desirable. Sometimes, as in this college, you get for this reason a rule forbidding all social intercourse with the instructors. To be sure, no one knows what those words, social intercourse, mean. In practice, you can skate with an instructor, but you cannot walk down to the cond with him. You can play golf with him, but not tennis. You can entertain him at teas and at fudge parties, if you are properly chaperoned, but you cannot, even if you have a dozen chaperones, ride with him or go to the theatre with him. That rule, indefinite as it is, does an endless amount of harm. But neither girls nor instructors are to blame. We cannot, in the very nature of things, have all the privileges that men have. We do work under diff-

in the very nature of things, have all the privi-leges that men have. We do work under diffi-

"Would you stop graduate work for women" asked dane, with asperity. "According to your statement nothing is accomplished by it." Indeed I would not stop it," replied the graduate student. "But I would like to have people realize the true state of affairs, and not exaggerate the little we accomplish. We do not pretend either to rival or eclipse men, as you might think from some of the statements you hear. I want to see women find out what real scholar ship is, and then I want to see them carry it into

ship is, and then I want to see them carry it into daily life. To prove the depths of my convic-tions, I, fresh from my thesis, volunteer to wash

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells the Story of One of His Not Very

GOLDEN JUBILEE IN JULY. COMING EVENT IN THE CATROLIC ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

The See Is Ninety-two Years Old and Was Raised to Metropolitan Dignity on July 19, 1850 - Prelates Who Have Ruled It and Bishoprics Set Off From It.

The golden jubilee of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York will occur during the summer. According to its records, New York became an archdiocese on July 19, 1850; but the see is in reality 92 years old, baving been declared "a bishopric forever" by Pope Pius VII. on April 8, 1808. In conjunction with the sees of Phila-delphia, Boston and Louisville, it was then founded as a suffragan bishopric of Baltimore, which at the same time became the first Archdiocese of the country. With the exception of New York's incumbent, all the prelates appointed to the es received consecration at Baltimore during the fall of 1810. These four sees were the earliest divisions of Baltimore; and the suffragan prelates of New York in succession attended the various provincial councils held at Baltimore from October, 1829, until May, 1849,

Amid the cluster of American sees, the diocese of New York stands unique in a certain particular: is is a diocese which never saw its first Bishop. The reason may be briefly explained. After Pius VIL had created these four suffragan sees, he preconised the Rev. Luke Concannen, the Rev. Michael Egan, the Rev. John B. Cheverus and the Rev. Benedict Flaget as their rulers respectively. Dr. Concannen was then connected with the Dominican Order at Rome, where he was consecrated. European troubles interfered considerably with Bishop Concannen's movements after his consecration; and although he ansed an early departure for New York when raised to the hierarchy, yet existing conditions detained him for months in Italy. He at length received permission to start from Naples; but, he ded suddenly on the eve of his departure, and thus New York's first Bishop found a grave under Italian skies, without having ever surveyed the limits of his see.

Following his death, four years intervened before the appointment of another prelate, the Rev. John Connolly, who, like his predecessor was chosen from the Dominican cloister at Rome. crated in 1814. Coming hither at once he governed the diocese of New York with real St Patrick's Church at Mulberry and Prince street his cathedral. The religious state of New York city in those days differed widely from its present econditions. Now more than 100 churches, chapels and stations uplift their spires where about half a dozen then had a precarious foothold. Most of them were burdened financially on which account Bishop Connolly is said to have once re marked that "he wore a mitre which was lined with thorns." Indeed Judging from the diocesan archives, the cares of his ministry proved so exacting that his frame, already weakened by age, could not withstand them, and when his requiem was tolled in 1825, those who knew him best were least surprised at his death. He was buried where he loved to linger-at St. Patrick's.

The Rev. John Dubois, President of Mount St Mary's College, Emmittaburg, Md., succeeded him in 1826, by Papal enactment, and ruled the see for many years. Unlike his predecessors. Drs. Concannen and Connolly, who were natives of Ireland, Dr. Dubois was a Frenchman, who, imitating the example of many more, migrated to this country during the French Revolution and became an American missionary. His name is conspicuous in Church history as the founder in 1808 of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, which has given more Bishops to the Catholic Church than any other institu-

York city, at Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Syrause, Brooklyn, Newark, and other points which have since become bishoprics themselves. From 1826 until 1838, Dr. Dubois governed this vast extent of territory unaided by any other prelate. but finding the labor too severe, he petitioned Pope Gregory XVI in 1838 for a condutor with the right of succession, and the Rev. John Hughes. a priest of Philadelphia, was assigned to him as an assistant. After the consecration of Dr. Hughes at St. Patrick's, New York, he relieved Dr. Dubois of much episcopal toil, as this celebrated churchman was then at the zenith of his strength and power, ranking, indeed, among the most ardent, eloquent and devoted prelates of the United States. During the next four years, he established certain works in the diocese which yet command praise, although these were but the prelude to many more which originated under his auspices from 1842 until 1864. Dr. Dubois passed away in 1842, and after presiding at his burial in old St. Patrick's Bishop Hughes assumed full control of the diocese.

A backward glance at the diocese of New York would be incomplete if special mention were not made of its fourth incumbent's actions. He was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men that ever grasped a crozier in this country. For twenty-two years the ruler of the see, he worked For twenty-two years the ruler of the see, he worked his way forward so rapidly that long before his eyes were dimmed in death he achieved the reputation of being America's foremost prelate. Soon after his installation as Dr. Dubois's successor, he had the satisfaction of consecrating the Rev. John McCloskey, a priest stationed at St. Joseph's Church. New York, as his coadjutor—a post which the latter filled from 1844 until 1847, when he was transferred to Albany as its first Bishop. In the same year Buffalo became a see, and the Rev. John Timon, C. M. Superior of the Lazarist Order and a native of Baltimore, was consecrated as its incumbent by Bishop Hughes. These were the earliest consecrations in New York.

The crowning event of his incumbency was

Hughes. These were the earliest consecrations in New York.

The crowning event of his incumbency was the elevation of New York from its position as a simple suffragan see to metropolitan dignity. After the conciliary decree of May, 1849, uplifting it, which Pope Pius IX. sanctioned on July 19, 1850, the diocese was detached at once from the province of Baltimore and became the head of a province itself, with the bishoprics of Beston, Hartford, Buffalo and Albany as suffragan sees. Three years later, in comformity with the action of the first Plenary Council held at Baltimore in 1852, the new bishoprics of Brooklyn, Newark and Burlington were created, and their incumbents received consecration together from the hands of Dr. Cajetan Bedini, Papal Nuncio then visiting New York in 1853, Dr. Hughes preaching the sermon. This triple consecration at old St. Patrick's has never been duplicated in the history of American Catholicism, the nearest approach to it being the double consecration of Cardinal Gibbons and the late Bishop Becker of Savannah, Ga., at Baltimore in 1868. The prelates raised to the episcopate on this occasion included the Rev. John Loughin, the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley and the Rev. Louis de Goesbriand. The second of these was Bishop Hughes's secretary, and died as Archbishop of Baltimore in 1877.

Another unique point recorded on the archives of the see is the fact that Archbishop Hughes's first present the second of the see is the fact that Archbishop Hughes's first present and the first present that Archbishop of the see is the fact that Archbishop Hughes's first present and the second of these was Bishop Hughes's first present and the first present and the first present and the first present the fact that Archbishop of the first present and the first presen

dossbriand. The second of these was Bishop Hughes's secretary, and died as Archbishop of Baltimore in 1877.

Another unique point recorded on the archives of the see is the fact that Archbishop Hughes received his pallium, or distinctive badge of metropolitan rank, directly from the Pope in 1850. It is generally the case after an Archbishop receives notification of his appointment that one of the provincial prelates is deputed to confer the pallium upon him; but it appears that after the news of Dr. Hughes's elevation reached him, he vacated the see temporarily and went to Rome, where Pope Pius IX., who had long admired his sterling qualities, placed the badge upon his breast. After his death in 1864 it was buried with him.

During fourteen years Archbishop Hughes made his mark as New York's incumbent, planting mouments of love and mercy upon every side, and endearing himself to thousands everywhers. Meanwhile, the numerical force of his prelates and clergy gradually increased, and it was his privilege to consecrate several other suffagan bishope during the closing years of his incumbency. In 1856, for instance, he placed the mittee on the brow of the Rev. David William Bacon, first Bishop of Pordand, Me., who wore it with singular merit for many years, as the older clergy of New England yet affirm. Nor was this attend to Dr. Hughes; he lived long enough to gratify a cherished aim and to found the present cathedral of New York, which is now the tomb both of himself and his immediate successor. The cornerstone of this magnificent attructure on Fifth wavenue was laid by Archbishop Hughes on Aug. 15, 1859, but he did not survive to witness its completion seventeen years after.

ward. His life, however, was prolonged sufficiently for him to be convinced that this pet project of his ministry would reach a glorious culmination, which it did under the prelate who sleeps beside him in its vaults.

As an ardent Republican during the greater part of the Civil War, he was brought time and again into friendly relations with President Lincoln and members of the Cabinet, who more than once made Dr. Hughes their confidant. But even while honors were thus accorded him by Church and State, he felt that the sands of his hour'glass were receding under the touch of an insidious disease, which in the closing days of 1863 prostrated him and hurried him to the grave. On July 8, 1863, his bosom friend, Archbishop Kenrick of Baitimore, suddenly expired of apoplexy, and despite illness, Dr. Hughes contrived to attend the obsequies. On Jan. 3, 1864, the bells of New York announced his own death.

Bishop McCloskey of Albany, formerly his auxiliary prelate, succeeded him, according to his desire, and gowerned the archdiocese for twenty one years. Under his guidance the Gothic cathedral was dedicated in 1875, although the finishing touches to its beauty awaited the advent of his successor. Wheever enters its precincts to day will observe a scarlet hat of odd design suspended from the chancel roof, directly before the grand high altar, which denotes the fact that a Cardinal rests in death beneath it. This hai was conferred by Pope Plus IX. at Rome upon Dr. McCloskey twenty five years ago, when he was declared a Prince of the Church—the first Cardinal ever created in the United States. At his obsequies in 1855 it reposed on his coffin, and following an ancient custom, it is now suspended above the throme on which he sat, and the altars at which he officiated. Coincident with his own appointment as cardinal the suffragan see of Boston was detached from the province of New York and created an archidocese, with the other New England bishoprics as suffragan sees, while that of Philadelphia was detached from the other

STATEN ISLAND'S DEATH POOL. Brady's Pond-A Little Sheet of Water

With a Sinister Record.

Brady's Pond at Grasmere, Staten Island holds the wretched record in Richmond for the drowning of children. It is doubtful if, for the past twenty years, the entire water front of the island could foot up a longer list of little victims Certainly no sheet of water in the borough is connected with sadder stories. The Hemmes chil dren, drowned there the other day, bring the islanders. The superstitious say that it is a haunted hole covered by many a mother's curse As a matter of fact it is a rather insignificant pond, although a maximum depth of twenty feet is ascribed to it. In the summer months its water is apt to give cramps to swimmers, and in the winter its ice is never to be trusted by skaters. "Keep away from Brady's Pond!" is the warning which parents in the neighborhood repeatedly give to their boys. But the little fellows love to splash

Some years ago three little chaps, one a tot of five summers and the others seven and ten, went bathing in Brady's Pond. The ten-year-old remained in the water longer than the others. He could swim, but he got a cramp when he was beyond his depth. He sank, rose, screamed and gurgled. Immediately the seven-year-old hero, who could swim only a few strokes, jumped into the water and boldly struck out to save his litttle chum. After a brief struggle both sank and were drowned, leaving the little tot alone at the edge of the pond, crying and calling them between his sobs. At that time the place was lonely in the extreme. There was no one there to help the children. The accident happened about noon but the child remained on the bank until after sunset, and then at last in despair wandered off, trying to find his way home. A neighbor found him on Fox Hill and carried him to his mother to whom he lisped his story of Brady's Pand. The little bodies were recovered.

The Cathelic Church than any other institution in the land.

In the land.

Bishop Dubois was the second prelate who received an episcopal crotier at the present cathed of Balliumore, the Rev. B. J. Penvick. Bishop Biston, von succeeded r. Chercus there, having been the first to something to the large of the land of the large of

a little cap told the story.

The son of Mr. Macfarland, a well-known lawyer a little cap told the story.

The son of Mr. Macfarland, a well-known lawyer who lives at Arrochar, was the next conspicuous victim. He was a remarkably handsome boy, about 15 years old and a great favorite among all classes. He was fond of athletics and sports, and his constant companion was a large Newfoundland dog. While skating on that fatal pond he broke through the ice. During the search for him the pond, of course, was visited. Surrounded by a mass of broken lee that gave evidence of a hard and sad struggle, was the floating carcass of the Newfoundland dog. Fastened in its teeth was one of the boy's gloves. The noble animal had died in the effort to save his young master. A few moments grappling brought up the body of the boy. It is said on the island that Mr. Macfarland had the dog stuffed and that it stands in a glass case in one of the rooms of his house in Arrochar.

There seems to be always something singularly distressing in the stories of Brady's Pond and the

stands in a glass case in one of the rooms of his house in Arrochar.

There seems to be always something singularly distressing in the stories of Brady's Pond and the drowning of the Hemmes children the other day forms no exception. They were fine, healthy and strong boys. After enjoying themselves boisterously on the ice for some time they joined hands and yelling with delight, made one wild rush to death.

In old times the pond and indeed all Fox Hill belonged to a once wealthy and prominent lawyer named Van Wagner and it is whispered that he has heirs who may possibly make trouble for some property holders in that neighborhood, but all that may be merely village gossip. When the late Philip Brady, from whom the pond takes its name, became the owner of it, he knew its dangerous peculiarities and did everything in his power to keep children and grown people too from bathing in it or skating on it. Its very name made many mothers shudder; but boys will be boys. Before the invasion of the Wimanese tribe, whose principal camping ground is known as South Beach, the neighborhood of Brady's Pond was well wooded. It was a little paradise for hunters of woodcock, snipe and ducks. The avenue running toward Fox Hill from Clifton now called St. Mary's avenue, used to be known as the Wood Road. From there most of the hunters came. It was an Irish colony and a delightful locality for any aspiring young man fond of a fight. Now it is an Italian colony. Ichabod! Or, as an old wood-roader might say, "Holy Smoke! Gone are the glories of its scraps and sprees!"

In nearly every part of the island imployements appear somewhat similar to those in the neighborhood of Brady's Pond. Woods are gowing down, hotels are going up, trolley cars are running on the sidewalks, and even the show and sleepy Aquahongese can see the signs of progress in the warnings at the railway stations, "Beware of Pickpockets!" A Hebrew gentleman on one of the Rapid Transit boats recently described the situation in these words: "I runned avay from Paxter str

THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Mr. Drummond Thinks He Has Found Where Its Waters Come From.

On the north side of Lake Ontario, southwest

of the Canadian city of Kingston, is a lake situated on a height of land one side of which forms a cliff. It is just south of the arm of Lake Ontario known as Quinte Bay and it stands 180 feet above the bay. There is no opportunity for surface waters to flow into this little lake and

LACK PRIVILEGES OF MEN. WOMEN NOT SERIOUS RIVALS

THEM IN HIGHER STUDY. Obtain Close Personal Relations Between Instructor and Student-A Graduate Girl Student Explains It. "There's not a word of it true," said the gradu-

te student, sinking into the green cushioned wicker chair and deliberately drawing off her astor gloves.

her a cup of tea. "All this stuff about women having the same privileges as men," replied the graduate student,

pushing up her veil and accepting the cup. There was a stir of interest among the girls who had met in the graduate clubrooms for their afternoon tea. The Fellow in Mathematics acepted the challenge implied in the graduate student's words.

"Why not?" she asked belligerently. At the same time she put her empty cup on the table near ner, with a dangerous emphasis that came near to upsetting it.

"Now, Jane, that's not fair,"protested the gradnate student, waving a peanut butter sandwich aguely in her direction. "You have got an advantake over me because you are through eating and can give your whole mind to the sub-Wait until I get caught up."

"If you weren't ready, what made you start with such an outrageous sentiment?" asked Ann, proffering the fudge, and evidently trying o hasten the graduate student's tea drinking. "No, thank you," said the graduate student, sweetly. "Not now, if you please. More sandwiches and olives first. I'm hungry. I've come down from Boston to day, and I've only ust got here. I haven't even been to my room. I've been thinking of this subject all the way on the train, and I just casually mentioned it to cut out other topics. I thought you might all agree with me."

The graduate student was the picture of inno cence. There was an impatient murmur, however, that warned her to quit teasing.

"I'll state my proposition," she said. "Women never have the same educational advantages as men, whether they go to cut-off women's colleges, like Bryn Mawr, Smith or Vassar, or to annexes connected with universities, like Radcliffe and Barnard, or to coeducational institutions like Chicago University and Ann Arbor. The education of women, wherever they are, differs in important respects form that of men. The result is that women do not and can not accomplish either as much or as good work as men "Wait a minute," continued the graduate student to Jane, who was bristling with contradiction. "I've got to go a little beyond my proposition. You understand that what I say applies to the so-called higher education of women, and refers almost exclusively to their work in scholarship. I am not making any statement about

woman's natural ability. Her brain may be just

as good as a man's brain. But the process of

her education is different, and so are the results. "I do not care to discuss ordinary college work preparatory to an A. B. degree. All the questions connected with that are settled, although the world is not aware of it yet. Undergraduate work for women differs very little from the seminary work that was the rule fifty years ago. College is either a finishing school or a training school for teachers. It is an advance over the old seminaries, but hardly more than the advance of education in every department would lead you to expect. The A. B. is a commonplace, scarcely more unusual than a high school diploma. My propostion refers to women who are doing really advanced work, graduate students like ourselves. We are not here for the kind of an education that

a single piece of good, honest research work, But it is closely modelled on some man's work and inspired by some man's work. It is seldom truly original, either in method or in result. Nevertheless, such as it is, we all stand off and admire it, and we say, 'There, wouldn't you think a man did it.' Could a man do it better!' That is what I shall say when I get my thesis done. And you will all chorus in answer, 'A woman's work is as good as a man's. Here is another proof.' Then you will point to my thesis. You all knew, didn't you, that I went to Cambridge to consult some old editions that were not accessible here? I have been working in the Harvard Library for a week. Doesn't that sound fine? I am sparing no effort to make my thesis correct. I am working consciously for my sex. I say, 'There shall be no slovenliness that men may call feminine, no sentimentality, no statements unsupported by authority.' But it is all negative merit, and my labor has been disproportionate to the results. Even if I get this one thesis good, it is ten to one I never write another. A woman seldom does a second piece of research Inesis good, it is ten to one I never write another. A woman seldom does a second piece of research work. And I do not know of a single woman who is really an authority on her subject, so that her name attracts eager attention from her colleagues. Who matches Zupitza, or Skeat, or Caston Parise."

work. And I do not know of a single woman who is really an authority on her subject, so that her name attracts eager attention from her colleagues. Who matches Zupitza, or Skeat, or Gaston Parisi"

The graduate student paused for breath. Then she changed her tone and said to Jane:

"It is your turn. Contradict me, while I have another cup of tea and the fudge and almonds."

"I do contradict you, absolutely, in every assertion," said Jane, without stopping to mince words. "There is nothing a man studies that a woman cannot study, somewhere in this country. Every day more institutions open their doors. We read the same books, in the same way. In some places we are taught by the same men, and if not by the same men, by other men just as good, for the professors in a woman's college often have had experience in other colleges, or go to other colleges later. The women who teach have had the same training that the men have had, both in this country and abroad, and are their equals. A girl can get exactly the same instruction that her brother@ets. When it comes to passing examinations she always outstrips him. That shows her work is better. Look at Radeliffe. The percentage of girls who get a summa cum laude is larger than the percentage of men in Harvard. In proportion to the numbers, Radeliffe takes more honors. The professors say that the girls invariably stand oral examinations better than themen. If that isn't a test.

"Oh, Jane, don't quote Radeliffe to me," interrupted the graduate student. "You are cribbing all those facts from what I have told you. Don't forget the rest of the story. One of the instructors in English said that the average of correct writing was much higher in Radeliffe than in Harvard, but that, on the other hand, in years of experience, he had never got work much above the average in Radeliffe, while in Harvard he did constantly."

"Still," persisted Jane, "I do not see what grounds we have for average in the content of the professor is the same of the professor in the content of the profess

"Still," persisted Jane, "I do not see what grounds you have for saying that women do not have the same educational advantages as men, or that they do not accomplish as good work. Graduate study for women is a much later institution than the A B training, I grant, so there may not be such a considerable amount of work in their favor. But it increases every year, and I have never heard anything against its quality." "You haven't?" said the graduate student, indignantly. "How about the man I heard looking over a list of publications who found a book on the subject that he was working on, and started to send for it, but when he saw that the author was a woman, exclaimed, "Huh, I don't need to bother with that. That's a true story."
"Go on," said Ann to the graduate student. "Give us the specific instances that have started you on this tirade. Here, I'll take your cup. So long as you keep to generalities Jane is as user right as you." "Still," persisted Jane, "I do not see what grounds

a theme you could arrange leading thoughts on cards and shuffle them: then, that you could put all your facts on separate cards: next, that a card catalogue of books was a necessity. Afterward I found out about indexing. It is only last year that I reached the climax and discovered that all knowledge could be put on cards arranged as in a librarian's card catalogue. In that way only are notes available. Note books are for the child. Yet here I have a collection of note-books, and only the most meagre collection of cards. Had'l been in the study of any professor I would have seen him refer to his cards. I would have seen him refer to his cards. I would have seen him refer to his cards. I would have seen him refer to his cards. I would have seen him refer to his cards. I would have asked a question, he would have explained the system, and I would have been well started on the road to accomplishment.

"From another point of view, think of the way men meet their instructors in their clubs. Har vard has its classical club, for instance, and its Modern Language Conference. Sometimes a professor reads a paper, sometimes a student. Afterward there is an informal debate, free, quick, clever. Instructors and students meet on a fine level. Frequently, they have informal meetings known as smoke talks. I don't know what goes on at them. I only know that I have heard reports of wonderful, clever speeches that were made at them.

"When the students and professors meet, they talk without affectation or pose about their work. How is it with us? When we are out of the school-room we think we must not talk shop. We avoid the subject of our work and laboriously make conversation on neutral topics. Not one particle of help or stimulus do we get."

"Women instructors could stand to us in the same relation that men stand to male students," I said Ann, interrupting.

"They might," answered the graduate student. PERSONATION HIS MANIA.

MASQUERADE OF JULIUS LEON MOYSE AT NEW ORLEANS. He Posed Successfully as "Capt. Clark of

the Texas," and in That Character Was Spending His Honeymoon When Ar rested-A Long Career of Personation in the South Revealed Thereafter NEW ORLEANS, March 9 - During the New

Orleans carnival, just closed, a young man from a small town of Mississippi succeeded in attracting more attention than Wu Ting lang, the Chinese Minister, and all the other notabilities. This was just what the young man craved for -- notoriety Perhaps, he will find that he secured really more than was desirable, for he will be criminally prosecuted for his extraordinary feats here. The case is peculiar as it is a marked instance of an odd form of crime or insanity, namely per sonation. It is true that the confidence man is frequently a very successful personator, and persuades the countryman that he is some old rural friend, but personation in that case is merely disguise for the purposes of swindling. In the present case the personation is of a different character. It is true that the man sometimes represented himself as somebody else in order to obtain credit or money; yet in many instances he seems to have adopted the name and character of some person of dignity and importance, for the pleasure of strutting in other folks' feathers. In other words, Julius Leon Moyse of Greenville Miss, a small clerk, who socially and otherwise played a small part in life, was constantly per onating some one else who would receive more consideration and attention. Having considera ble dramatic instinct he played the small parts he assigned himself with a success that seems icomprehensible now that he has been exposed. The game of personation is played in all large ities as well as in Europe or America by crooks. onfidence men and vain young men, greedy admiration, but the case of Moyse is far out f the ordinary. Moyse's short career of three or four days in

ew Orleans illustrates the methods of the man and the desperate yet successful game he plays. He came to the city in the rush of the carnival. in himself and an Army uniform, for he served luring the Spanish war in Company C. Second Mississippi Volunteers. Although of marked Hebraic features and only 26 years old, he intro duced himself as "Capt. Charles E. Clark of the Texas," one of the heroes of Sanuago Bay. The intelligence should discover it, but as a matter of fact none did so. Not did Moyse confine his operations to dark corners. He showed himself vercoat to conceal the fact that he had on an Army, not a Naval uniform. He strutted in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, arranged a al of New Orleans, and kept in constant tele graphic touch with the Secretary of the Navy Nor did he hesitate to beard the lion in his den greatly excited on Wednesday and announced that a favorite Lieutenant of his, George J. Colson. had died suddenly on the man of war. He tele graphed the fact to Secretary Long. notified an undertaker named Lynch of the death and arranged the details of the funeral, hurried to the foot of Canal street, and secured the immediate service of a tag to take him abound the Texas to see the body of "his poor friend Colson" and prepare for the funeral. The undertaker reached the vessel shortly afterward and was amazed to find nebody dead on board. Moyse could not, of course, play the part of "Capt. Clark of the Texas" on board that vessel, but this did not phase him; he announced himself when he reached

the back and the front of the room, with its head by against the wall opposite the wall the advertise the wall the door, the front of the bed was toward you. It was must a plain sort of an iron bedstead, with braws trumming. Against the side wall that the head of the bed was against, and between the bed and the front wall of the room, sould that the head and the form that is picked up gravially. From the door, with the and of my lamp and another thing that it picked up gravially. From the door, with the and of my lamp and another thing that it picked up gravially. From the door, with the and of my lamp and another thing that it picked up gravially. From the door, with the and of my lamp and another thing that it picked up in the same manner was that the was a somewhate extraordinary sorted must be ward to be a man, and the same and the sa

ARE YOU IN DANGER FROM SPRING DEBILITY?

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You haven't tried the right medicine Never mind what "you have tried."
You haven't tried the right medicine
that is all.
The remedy which will change the The remedy which will change the world for you, transform you like magic into the full vigor of Life and Health—is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is a natural food, as well as strengthening medicine, which so invigorates you that nothing is an effort. It fills the blood with new strength and purifies, curiches and revitalizes it. It lights anew the fire of youth with fresh nerve energy, replaces worn-out tissue with firm, white flesh, improves the appetite, clears the brain and raises the spirits. It is the king of all spring remedies, and it never fails to bring relief. Take it, all sufferers from any disorder of the blood, nerves, stomach, liver and kidneys -and be well.

Mr. IVORY S. YORK, 1326 Elm St , Manches "I have used two bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for a logy feeling and physical depression. The medicine acted as it had been advertised to do, and gave me that feeling of get up and push that had for a time seemed lacking. It did me so much good that I contemplate using more of it."

Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, scaled envelopes.

THIS IS THE THOMASINE.

recognition, which he would not otherwise have "A half glass of beer, a half glass of milk and a not resist the temptation when I found that both she and her brother in law were not only un opposed to the marriage but actually favored it."

From all parts of the country have come stories of Moyes's career. He bearded at the Waldorf in New York as a sen of a rich Southern planter. He visited Memphis as manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company and figured as such at Frascate's Hot-I until the real manager made his appearance. He went to Luttle Rock as army inspector of the military post and swaggered there as an officer until detected. These are only a few of his personation. More than once he was brought to grief and imprisoned. St. Louis, Chief go. Memphis, Alexander, Clinton teaspoonful of sugar," repeated the stout man

"I'm hanged if I know what you're going to do with that combination," remarked the bartender as he began to draw the beer. "Taint necessary that you should," returned

the other. "Just the same, you ain't going to refuse to serve me, are you?" "There's the beer," said the bartender by was

of reply. "Now here's the milk, and here's the

tion at the parish prison and has received gifts of flowers and other attentions from women. Exactly how to class the man is a problem about which there is a difference of opinion. Is he a paranoiac and insane upon the subject of personation? This is the view taken of him in Atlanta. Is it mere vanity or is he something worse! Whatever he is he is hisely to go to an asylum or on asylum for the charge of personating a United States officer is to be pressed against him and the punishment therefore is three years imprisonment.

No Excuse.

From Brooklyn Life.

Grinder—What! asleep at your desk, sir, and work so pressing!

Meekly—Excuse me, sir; baby kept me awake all night.

Grinder—Then you should have brought it with you to the office.

"Not at all, not at all, said the short man. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand is a problem. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand is a problem. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand is a problem. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand is a problem. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand is a problem. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand is a problem. "That, sir, is one of the most delicious drinks that error hand in she contout her hand in she either who helles are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable, who are lined with cotton battin', a little uncomfortable. "No, thank you've tree lined

CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

